

The Critic

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LORD LYTTON—"OWEN MEREDITH." (See Page 254.)

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LORD LYTTON.

'LUCILE,' in its day, was a literary sensation. It was given to the world at a time when the romantic fever was at its height, and when Englishwomen were sighing for a native school of fiction which should follow the footsteps of George Sand and Octave Feuillet. At what distance 'Lucile' followed them has never been exactly determined. There appeared in a literary paper of the period a very circumstantial accusation that it was a close version, in plot, characters, and sometimes in language, of one of the earlier novels which the author of 'Consuelo' had anonymously published. The charge was not pressed. It was rumored that the new poet would make a terrible slaughter of his traducers after the manner of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and he seems to have published a denial in some obscure publication. But there the matter dropped. It had little interest for Owen Meredith's readers, who for the most part were very young. It had no great interest for his critics, who discerned in him an extraordinary facility, an almost Byronic flow of diction, and none of the marks of poetic greatness. His lines went cantering on their way unchecked. Young officers and loungers at the clubs still simpered over their worldly wisdom. Maidens still glowed with their alcoholic ardor. No purpose would have been served by awakening a controversy, and none but political antagonists, who are notoriously the meanest foes of all, would have now disinterred the old accusation.

At that time it was known to few that Owen Meredith was Robert Lytton. Tilling the soil of literature together, the father and son drove their plows in different fields. This was anything but a misfortune for the son. He had some of the humor, some of the fancy, some of the scholarship of his father; but he had none of the patience which presided at the birth of 'The Caxtons' and 'Rienzi.' Having patience, the elder Lytton so imbued himself with the spirit of the French stage that he became a master in comedy. Having patience, he made so thorough a study of antiquity that scholars may sniff at, but cannot condemn, the romances which he constructed from the cairns and tumuli of the past. Having patience, he so disposed of his not very extraordinary gifts as to leave a considerable name in literature. Having no patience, the younger Lytton has been unable to sustain the fame which 'Lucile' brought him. As a diplomatist he occupied a great many posts and mastered a great many languages. He also acquired the highest art of which modern diplomacy is capable. He learned to cook. In Paris this was not a necessary accomplishment, for there were many good kitchens in the neighborhood of the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, not surpassed by the houses of the Boulevards and Palais Royal. But in Bucharest, in Constantinople, and particularly in Rome, many a ministerial heart might be won by a well-cooked partridge, and many a cabinet secret might be opened with the Tokay.

Lord Beaconsfield, who always prided himself on his appreciation of youthful merit, saw much to commend in Robert Lytton, and was not wholly blind to the points of similarity in their careers. Their literary affinities were close. Both aimed at warmth of color, and overshot the mark. Both revelled in the works of the French epigrammatists. Both preferred half truths to whole truths, and verbal felicities to purity of style. Owen Meredith's 'Fables in Song' might have come from the muse, rhymed and corrected, of Benjamin Disraeli. There is the old Disraelian yearning for the infinite in the fable of 'The Blue Hills Far Away,' the song of a traveller climbing mountains and cross-

ing vales in quest of the ridge on the horizon. There is the old Disraelian malice in the fable of the beasts who choose a king, and having rejected the lion, the tiger, and the nobler animals, are bidden by the monkey to accept

"A creature never known to run or royster.

You bid me choose your king. I choose the oyster."

Lord Beaconsfield gave Lord Lytton the great opportunity of his life. It was not a literary opportunity, but its effects will be traced in any later work that may come from Owen Meredith's pen. It was the Viceroyalty of India. There are poets to whom such an office would be full of attraction. Inspiration would come more easily beside the Jumna and Ganges. Themes untouched by Eurasian bards would abound in the ancient country on whose frontiers Sa'adi lived. There are many respectable servants of the Crown still guarding the remnants of their liver at Dumdum or Bankipore, who spend the intervals between collecting native revenue and drawing British pay in composing odes to Akbar and sonnets to the Taj. Lord Lytton was wont to say that he envied them. He, too, having viewed the frivolities of Western society, would find poetic consolation in the Orient. He, too, having learned the pettiness of modern governments, would extol the greatness of the Moguls. On his way to India he met the Prince of Wales, who was coming back. Here was a great opportunity to get information concerning the marvels of Ind. Here was a traveller who had viewed them all from Comorin to the Himalayas. What did he think of his voyage? "Well," said the Prince, "I speared pigs in Bombay and shot tigers in Nepal. Charley Beresford was the luckier in the matter of pigs, but as for the tigers, I killed with my own gun two more than Jung Bahadur. I recommend Jung to your notice. A very deserving fellow."

Lord Lytton began to think that he might not like India as well as he expected. When he landed at Bombay, and was immediately requested to settle the question whether the honor of forwarding his luggage to Calcutta belonged to the civil or the military service, his uneasiness was not allayed. When he arrived at the capital and found every ante-chamber in Government House lined with place-hunters and native money-lenders, he realized that there were other things in India besides caves and temples, the code of Manu and the fables of Pilpay. He was quite unfitted for the work he had undertaken. He was constitutionally lazy, and an Indian Viceroy should be ready to mount his horse at five minutes' notice and ride twenty miles to attend a meeting of the High Court or visit a native raja. He loved the company of people of wit, and such wit as mildly coruscates in India is generally of the sort which the local newspapers display in their poets' corner. He knew nothing about *dustoorie*, *ryotwarrie tenures*, or the law of evidence, and found that an Anglo-Indian who was unable to talk of these matters was debarred from conversation with his countrymen. His memory was fatally treacherous on points of precedence, and whether it was the captain's wife who went out first, or whether it was the Joint Magistrate's, he was at no time sure of remembering. Therefore he fell from grace. An awful rumor was circulated that he smoked in his drawing-room. The losses of the Afghan war swelled the clamor against him. Falling with the Tories, he left the country unwept, and a tremendous deficit in his budget engulfed his political remains.

Lord Lytton excels in so many arts that he is superlatively good in none. He is one of the most amiable, witty, and fair-minded of Englishmen. Had he been forced to make his own way, he might have been acclaimed as Lord Beaconsfield's successor. As it is, he does little to beseeem the promise of his youth. His career has been purposeless, invertebrate. He has married a charming wife, well born and well bred. She may yet remake his fortunes. R. SETON.

Literature

A Frenchman's History of Rome.*

THIS is the most ambitious work upon which its learned author has ever employed his pen, and the one by which he doubtless expects to be judged as a scholar and a writer of history. It is the reproduction, amplification, correction, and perfection of a work first printed in a compendious form some forty years ago, and which has not only absorbed more or less of the fruit of his daily studies and meditations during this long interval, but is enriched by the important discoveries in Roman archaeology which are among the special achievements of modern scholarship. It promises, when completed, to be by far the most elaborate history of the origin and growth of the Roman civilization in print. Each volume consists of some 800 royal octavo pages, and the last, which is before us, embraces but the comparatively brief period which elapsed between the consulate of Cæsar and the battle of Actium. M. Duruy has been successively Professor of History at the Colleges of Rheims and of Paris, Inspector of Public Instruction and Professor of History at the École Polytechnique; he was, in 1863, appointed Minister of Public Instruction by Napoleon III., and Senator for life in 1869. During this period he has published a history of Greece in two octavo volumes, a history of the Romans, also in two octavo volumes, in which the work before us was outlined; a history of the Middle Ages, from the fall of the Western Empire to the middle of the fifteenth century, besides some dozen volumes of historical class-books for the use of the schools and colleges of France. He is also the editor of a collection of historical works of considerable repute in France under the general title of 'Histoire Universelle.' Besides the accomplishments which are implied in this wide range of successful authorship, M. Duruy, from the high official positions which he has occupied, has enjoyed the freest access to the literary and archaeological collections of Europe, as well private as public, and the support and confidence of a publishing house that is daunted by no expense which can add to its well-established fame and influence. Such a rare combination of advantages justifies the presumption that a history of the Romans by M. Duruy should constitute no unimportant contribution to the literature of this generation. Those who associate M. Duruy with the origin and policy of the last Empire in France will naturally expect to find in him an apologist for the overthrow of the Roman Republic and the substitution of "a strong government," with its supposed guarantees of peace, order, and security under the Cæsarian régime, and it is but just to say that, in his appreciation of the conduct of Julius and Octavius Cæsar, he says nothing which could be regarded as a criticism of his late master's usurpation of December 2d, 1851. So far from it, he uniformly insists that the republicans on the Tiber were a little oligarchy, who, after they had subdued the world did not know how to govern it, and that the liberty of which the Romans could boast under Sylla and Marius was not such as offered any securities to life, person, or property, and must soon and inevitably lead to the humiliation and subjugation of the country by foreign powers. This volume is in fact M. Duruy's answer to the question, "Could the Republic have lasted had the part of Cæsar been committed to a less capable and less ambitious man?" He thinks not; he thinks that a personal government was the only means of saving Rome, and that to such a government posterity owes all that is most valuable of its Roman heritage—the literature, and the monuments of the imperial era.

In reading the following paragraph, who can escape the suspicion that the late Emperor of the French sat for the portrait?

"After having been the head of the party of violence, Octavius, by degrees, became the head of the moderates. We see in the Triumvir and the Emperor two different men, yet the same. Octavius was not cruel by nature, but by his position. Thrown, before he was twenty, in the midst of the most difficult affairs, and when no one was disposed to regard him seriously, he was obliged to clothe his youthful features with severity, and his hand, scarcely strong enough yet to hold a sword, firmly signed the list of proscriptions. Thus he created a belief in his energy and his power, and he was no longer treated as a child. Once started in this way, one rarely stops. He did stop, however, at the moment when he would probably have lost everything had he continued. So that he had the rare luck of sufficing for two different epochs of a revolution."

* *Histoire des Romains depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à l'invasion des Barbares.* Par Victor Duruy, Membre de l'Institut, etc. Tome III. Paris: Librairie Hachette & Cie.

It would be unjust and presumptuous to say that M. Duruy would not have taken precisely the same view of the overthrow of the Republic and of the founder of the Empire if he had never held an office under Napoleon III., or been in a condition which rendered an apology for the Emperor to some extent an apology for himself. The views he expresses of the occasional need of "strong governments," and of the weakness of popular governments, are too common among equally intelligent and perfectly disinterested judges to surprise us from the lips of any professor of history, especially a French one. At the same time it would be equally unjust to deny that such views do not come with the same authority from an ex-minister and a senator of Napoleon III. as they would from a simple professor of history. Had he, however, been a simple professor of history, he would doubtless have felt himself called upon to explain how it happened that these two empires, which in his eyes represented peace and order, should have so rapidly gravitated to hideous confusion, ruin, and disgrace.

Of course it would be too much to expect M. Duruy to rise above the prejudices of his countrymen when speaking of the Germans of to-day; but we did not suppose them so gigantic as to cast their shadows back nineteen centuries to the barbaric ancestors of the race that fought the battles of Gravelotte and Sedan. We are persuaded that the following criticism of Tacitus would have been conceived in a different tone and spirit had it been written prior to the Franco-German war. We may here remark, in parenthesis, that M. Duruy habitually treats Tacitus with scant respect. We can understand why Louis XIV. refused to allow his grandson to read Tacitus; why Napoleon I. denounced in offensive terms the translator of his writings, and why Henry VIII. and Philip II. could not see his works on the shelves of a library without a chill; but why should M. Duruy, who is a scholar, and a friend of popular liberty, allow himself to be classed with the small knot of illiterate despots who could not afford to do justice to one whom Racine called the greatest painter of antiquity, and whom D'Alembert pronounced the first of historians? After enumerating various honorable qualities ascribed to the Germans by Tacitus, M. Duruy proceeds:

"Many of the shades of this picture are borrowed by the imaginative historian, who is pleased to embellish the manners of the barbarians for the purpose of a contrast with the vices of the Romans. The book of Tacitus is the historic evangel of our neighbors, and they have worked out of it a quantity of admirable things in honor of their race. With an imprudent generosity, our savants have for a long time sustained them in their pretensions of not seeing in modern civilization any other factors than Germanism (*das Germanenthum*), as if the rest of the nations had remained inactive and silent before the new revelation handed down from the Germanic Sinai. While refusing to accord to the Gauls all the virtues which have been attributed to them, we have acquired the right to refuse to the Germans the aureole which they confer upon themselves. The truth is, that for four centuries this predatory race were the scourge of the world, and Gregory of Tours replies to Tacitus when he exposes the maleficent and coarse instincts of these people, who are without respect for their oaths, without compassion for the conquered, and without pity for women, for children, or for the feeble."

Surely this does not belong to a history of Rome. It is a passage dropped out of a history of the Franco-German war, written when eminent Frenchmen were so far beside themselves as to be guilty of the bad taste of resenting their election to an honorary membership of the Berlin Academy. It is a stump speech injected into, of all places in the world, a history of Ancient Rome. But, happily, such evidences of bad taste are rare, and while in a certain sense they impair the authority of M. Duruy's judgment as a historian, they can hardly be said to diminish, but rather increase, the interest of his history. The maps and illustrations, many thousand in number, and all superior of their kind, are aids to the comprehension of the Roman story which can hardly be over-estimated.

"Norsk, Lapp, & Finn."*

MR. VINCENT has apprehended very accurately the distinctive genius of the three Scandinavian nations, and their more pronounced characteristics he has described with fidelity. The more delicate shades of temperament and character could not, in the nature of things, be studied during a rapid summer journey, and we

* *Norsk, Lapp, and Finn; or, Travel Tracings from the Far North of Europe.* By Frank Vincent, Jr. author of 'The Land of the White Elephant,' 'Through and Through the Tropics,' etc. \$1.75. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

need not wonder if the author, in attempting to fill out his hasty outline sketch, commits a few errors. Thus, in judging of the domestic manners of the Norwegians, he draws some very unflattering conclusions, and apparently from very insufficient premises. He makes the mistake that foreigners travelling in the United States are apt to make, in taking the individuals with whom they chance to come in contact in hotels and railroad cars as representative of our best society and culture. Even with the qualifying clause which he considerably adds about the difficulty of characterizing an entire people, his judgment of the manners of the Norwegians is, to say the least, incomplete. He had, according to his own showing, not even a glimpse of what would be styled "good society," as he lingered but a few days in Christiania, and apparently, while there, did not see the inside of a single private house. If the people whom he met on the steamboats and at country inns ate with their knives and spat on the floor, and small officials and merchants in remote country towns showed a barbaric ignorance of table etiquette, that hardly justifies Mr. Vincent in asserting that the Norwegians are, as a race, ill-bred. Mr. Richard Proctor, when dining at Western hotels, observed the same obnoxious phenomena that Mr. Vincent remarked in journeying along the coast and through remote Norwegian valleys, and he was very severely taken to task by American journalists for merely reporting what he saw, without any generalization regarding American manners. In Norway, as in France, the highest culture, and consequently the best society, are found in the capital, and it is undeniable that outside of the capital very little refinement exists. Nevertheless, we can assert from personal observation that spittoons are in common use even in the country, that there are always two and usually three theatres open in Christiania, and that the revels at a Norwegian peasant wedding never last three weeks, but occasionally last three days.

We find in Mr. Vincent's book one curious piece of evidence, showing conclusively that he has never known the Norwegians in their homes, but merely as they appear at inns and in public conveyances. On page 105 occurs the following statement: "Upon rising from the table, it is etiquette to say something—in Norsk, of course—to the effect that you have made a good meal—how often a gastronomic perjury!—bowing at the same time right and left to your *vis-à-vis*." It is true that this custom prevails in Norway, as in Germany, when people dine together who are strangers to each other or have merely a casual acquaintance; and to us it appears far from ill-bred, when, as is usually the case, the company is small, to include one's chance table companions in this general greeting. What the Norwegians say, however, is not that they have had a good meal, but *Tak for Maden* (thanks for the food), which is, strictly speaking, not appropriate, as in hotels, of course, each guest pays for himself. The greeting has, however, like the German "*Mahlzeit*," lost its original significance. Not so in private dwellings, where all the members of the family at the end of the meal shake hands with the master and mistress of the house, expressing their thanks for what they have received. It is a quaint patriarchal custom, which will survive as long as the Norwegians remain unconscious of its quaintness.

When Mr. Vincent speaks of the position of woman in Norway, it is obvious that it is the peasants whom he has in view. The degree of civilization which makes respect for woman possible and natural was long since reached by the upper classes of Norwegian society, and the position of the matron in a cultivated family is, as a rule, a dignified and happy one. The married lady in Scandinavian countries is, perhaps, treated with less gallantry and ostentatious deference than she receives in the United States, but her position is decidedly preferable to that of her German sister in the corresponding social stratum. Among peasants the fashion is well-nigh the same the world over, and the hard conditions of their life make it absolutely incumbent upon all, men as well as women, to work to the utmost limit of their strength.

The author's brief sketch of Denmark is light and entertaining, and the volatile temperament of the Dane is duly contrasted with the grave and somewhat cumbrous demeanor of the sturdier Norwegian. The journey through Sweden and Finland is also described with vivacity, and enriched with much valuable information. Especially novel and interesting is Mr. Vincent's account of his intercourse with the Lapps, concerning whom he has succeeded in collecting certain facts which are usually not accessible to a hasty traveller. If, in spite of the entertainment for which we are indebted to him, we should indulge in still further fault-finding, it would be to make the following suggestions: 1. Princess Thyra

of Denmark, did not marry the late King of Hanover, but his son, the Duke of Cumberland. 2. The delicious berries resembling cranberries, which Mr. Vincent ate at Hammerfest were called *Multer*. 3. "The rude tribes of the north," which defeated and killed St. Olaf at Stiklestad, were his own people—the Norwegians. 4. *Ringdalfoss* does not mean Rounded Waterfall, but the Round Valley Waterfall, and *Trollhattan* means the Hood, and not the Home, of the Water-witch. 5. Over the *Kjölen Fiellen* is impossible Norwegian; it should be the *Kjölen* or rather *Kjölen Fjell*. A few misprints, as Christiansand for Christiansund, Bodo for Bodø or Bodoe, Odelsting for Odelsting, etc., are of less importance.

"The Bible and Science."*

PERHAPS the natural attitude of the man instructed in scientific methods, into whose hands falls a work on the relations of science and theology, is distrust as to the soundness of the book. So much arrant nonsense has been written on the agreement of the Bible with Science, and on the unsoundness of scientific doctrine because it does not agree with the Bible, that it has almost become an accepted rule that a treatise with such import is the result of more or less mental aberration. In the work of Dr. Lauder Brunton, however, we have an exception to the rule. On the whole his "science" is true science; a familiarity with the latest aspects and results of biological investigation is manifest, and the volume may be regarded as a reliable epitome of biological doctrine. Whether it will be accepted by theologians as "orthodox" in its treatment of the biblical text and in its exegesis is another matter, and one which we do not propose to discuss. "The objects of the present work," in the author's own words, "are to give a brief and popular sketch of the data on which the doctrine [of evolution] is founded and to show that instead of being atheistic, it is the very reverse, and is no more opposed to the Biblical account of the creation than those geological doctrines regarding the structure and formation of the earth's crust, which were once regarded as heretical and dangerous, but are now to be found in every class-book, and are taught in every school." The text appears to have been originally addressed, in the form of seventeen lectures, to an audience of "true believers." Three are introductory—one on 'Egypt,' a second on the 'Exodus,' a third on 'Palestine.' Then follows a series of lectures on the natural history of plants and animals culminating in one (the thirteenth) on 'Man,' and these are succeeded by special discourses on the 'Distribution of Plants and Animals in Time,' a 'General Summary,' 'The Mosaic Record and Evolution,' and the 'Development of Individuals.' The excuse offered for the preservation of the three introductory chapters is that "they have a direct bearing upon the questions discussed in the later part of the work." The directness of the bearing is not evident, but their incorporation is at worst a matter of surplusage.

Postulating that "it is impossible always to take the Bible literally," the author enters into an ingenious attempt to prove that evolution is not inconsistent with the scriptural record, and that the language of the Bible is not contradictory of the continuous evolution of living entities, or of man from a monkey stock. As to man, he quotes the verse: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul," and argues that, "this account is so general that it may coincide equally well with evolution and with the doctrine of a special creation, for the statement is simply that God formed man out of the dust of the ground." The orthodox believer who recalls the context of the verse in question may say, as the author elsewhere supposes, "that this is playing with Scripture," and some may even think, "that the words of the Bible must be taken literally, or else we may give up the whole book;" but this may be left to individual preference. As we have already remarked, the science is quite sound, on the whole, (although there are a number of statements indicating insufficient knowledge of facts), and there are, doubtless, many to whom the book will be useful and who would not be likely to learn the truths here taught, save through some such medium. The author had the example of Paul, who "graduated his instructions to the people whom he was addressing, first giving them milk, and afterward strong meat," and perhaps the taste for Science he may thus encourage, will redound to the future, if not spiritual, welfare

* The Bible and Science. By T. Lauder Brunton. With illustrations. \$2.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.

of more than one reader. Perhaps even the title will insure the volume a place in the Sunday-school library and on the table for "Sunday reading." Although even sound knowledge should not be conveyed under false pretense, we do not know of any work of its kind which is less objectionable, and it is well worthy of perusal for the sake of the scientific information it contains. As an instance of its adaptation to the present state of Science, we may add that it contains illustrations of the remarkable series of horse-like animals and the toothed birds whose remains have recently been found in the fossil deposits of America.

"A Pageant, and Other Poems."*

THE poem which leads off in this new volume of Christina G. Rossetti's is far from being the best. It is juvenile in tone, not particularly fresh in treatment, not rich in material. The months, represented by girls and boys, come tripping in one after another—each with some characteristic flower or song, or heralded by some timely bird. January welcomes the snow-birds. February appears with a bunch of snow-drops in her hand, and is followed presently by a lamb. These constitute her treasure. March comes blustering over the threshold with violets and anemones.

"I blow an arouse
Through the world's wide house,"

he sings. January has departed, February gets the violets and anemones, and retires, while March goes on like a boisterous boy, roaring his song. April is ushered in with the twittering of birds; May shares her flowers, and so on to December. The dramatic action is feeble, the songs exceedingly staccato. One falls headlong over the rhyme and rhythm, and the reason for the rhymes is not always apparent.

There are other poems, mostly short ones, which strike the fancy more pleasantly, and worry the ear less. 'Yet a Little While' has a tender minor strain. 'He and She' is a quaint and pretty thing, and taking.

"Should one of us remember,
And one of us forget,
I wish I knew what each would do,
But who can tell as yet?"

"Should one of us remember,
And one of us forget,
I promise you what I will do—
And I'm content to wait for you,
And not be sure as yet."

'Mariana' is musical and graceful, bounding and joyous, without anything to mar its joyousness. 'Memento Mori' is another of the short songs, expressing a single idea and its contrast well. 'Brandons Both' is of the better class of musical songs. 'One Foot in Sea and one on Shore' is a bright variation of an old theme, and pretty. Miss Rossetti excels in these bits; but rhyme is a trouble to her, and, as often happens, this makes her labor all the more in her determination to have it. For one who rhymes the noun "house" with "brows" and "boughs," and sends a "singing lark" "sky-high" to fetch down a jingle for "sky;" who finds a star so "remote" that she must set it "afloat," and force the "moon" to repeat a "tune" in order to balance rhymes, it is perfectly natural and also perfectly unreasonable that she should run out of her way to get into trouble. Yet she does it constantly and vigorously. Aside from the sonnets, every third poem is in baby rhymes of one, two, and three feet. Where the lines are longer, the rhymes are not always stronger, nor always fewer. They are often doubled, and even quadrupled. They run away with the sense—as where "All songs had turned to sighing," there were still discovered some "musical merry noises" to cap the "singers' voices." They prolong the story, and keep the reader's mind on tenter-hooks, as when one watches a hesitating speaker who *will* speak extempore. They obscure the thought, which is well enough when the thought is nothing, as in Swinburne, and the music everything. The best rhymes only are excusable in such cases. With Miss Rossetti, the thought is generally good, always pure and chaste and womanly, and often, though not always, fresh and sparkling. 'Maiden May' is an instance of pretty thought and unmelodious measure. How one stumbles over a couplet like this:

"Maiden May sat in her bower—
In her blush-rose bower in flower."

* A Pageant, and Other Poems. By Christina G. Rossetti. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Some of the best imaginative touches, and yet most dangerous rhythm, are contained in 'A Ballad of Boding.' Here there is stronger thinking, some quite vigorous painting, and a little sad moralizing; but the verse is often strained and the sense mangled. The writer is drawn from her purpose; the story halts, waiting for her return; the art, or lack of art, is a great blemish. In the poem three ships are on the sea. One is called Love-ship, and another Worm-ship—each loaded with its peculiar crew bound on the voyage of life. The third ship carries the hard-working and distressed, who "labored at the oar hand-sore." A fearful monster mounts this bark, but is driven away by

"a Flyer swooping down
With wings to span the globe,
And splendor for her robe
And splendor for her crown.
He lighted on the helm with a foot of fire,
And spun the Monster overboard;
And that monstrous thing abhorred,
Gnashing with balked desire,
Wriggled like a worm infirm,
Up the Worm
Of the loathly figurehead.
There he crouched and gnashed,
And his head, re-borned and gashed
From the other's grapple, dripped bloody red."

We won't tell the story; but this passage will serve to indicate both the author's strength and her weakness. The sonnets, which are many, are one of Miss Rossetti's strong points. Here the melody is better, and the thought runs more smoothly. The best series of these seems to us to be the 'Monna Innominata'—fourteen sonnets. They represent a natural modern reaction from the Laura and Beatrice of the two great Italian poets—a third possible lady, who might share her lover's "poetic aptitude," yet keep the barriers of womanly virtue closed; who loves and yet is pure; who longs and yet can resign. These possess much grace and tenderness, and present a lovely ideal of womanhood.

A Study of Emerson.*

WE are at a loss to discover Mr. Guernsey's aim in compiling this little book, which is in no sense a biography, and still less a critical estimate of the illustrious old man of Concord. It gives us neither any fresh details of Mr. Emerson's outwardly uneventful life, nor any intelligent and comprehensive study of his work and influence. It is made up in the main of quotations, loosely strung together by parenthetical remarks, or by very feeble efforts at argument or criticism. Indeed, all of Mr. Guernsey's original work, in the entire volume of 327 pages, could, we think, be comprised within fifty pages, for even where he desires to express a critical opinion he most frequently quotes from other authors—Mr. Whipple, Mr. Frothingham, and Hermann Grimm. As for the fifty pages which we have just dignified with the term "original," they are shallow and weak in argument and style, and shed no new ray of light upon the genius of Emerson. There is something childish in Mr. Guernsey's attempts to explain literally the mystic sentences of the transcendentalist, and to refute with paragraphs of platitudes the wise oracles which Mr. Emerson confessedly puts forth as representing only a single angle of myriad-sided truths. Take, for instance, on page 177, Emerson's quoted remarks on the mania for travelling which affects our time, and which he considers a "symptom of a deeper unsoundness, affecting the whole intellectual action." Mr. Guernsey, with ridiculous gravity, proceeds to point out in reply the practical advantages of travelling, "even for amusement," and furnishes an illustration in the image of one "who has seen St. Peter's, and Luxor, and Karnak, has trodden the Mount of Olives, and seen the black stone at Mecca"—concluding with the profound and elegant observation that "it gets a man for a time at least out of himself, out of his old, narrow ruts." Whenever Mr. Guernsey ventures an opinion of his own, he proves himself as absurdly incapable as in the above-mentioned instance of understanding the master whom he undertakes to interpret. The following sentence will convey a tolerably fair idea of his tone of thought and style: "The wise man does not look upon other men as so many slop-bowls into which he may vomit the undigested ideas of the moment," (pp. 172 and 173). Despite its intrinsic worthlessness, however, the book is encouraging, as a sign

* Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Poet. By Alfred H. Guernsey. Paper, 40 cts. New Handy Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

of the extended influence and popularity of the strong and subtle wisdom of Emerson. Emerson, as it has been frequently remarked, is, among true poets and deep thinkers, one who suffers least from quotation. Having neither invented nor adopted any philosophic system, his moral precepts and exhortations lose little of their effectiveness from being inculcated in detached fragments. His lack of constructive talent, as well as the conscientious artistic workmanship which makes his every phrase a gem, enable one to derive the same quality, if not the same quantity, of intellectual enjoyment from an isolated sentence of his writing as from a complete essay. The cheapness and convenient shape of the little volume before us will, no doubt, tend to familiarize all classes of Americans with the lessons of the philosopher.

Theological Literature.

EVEN amid the multiplied helps which the Bible students of our day enjoy, we are mistaken if the latest volume of the 'Speaker's Commentary,'* does not commend itself at once to a large and earnest body of readers. Suggested by the Speaker of the House of Commons, years ago, the work has aimed from the first at bringing the well-established results of the keenest scholarship within reach of all those who understand English, while it contains, besides the running annotations, a large number of special notes on difficult points, and in these grammar and lexicon play an important part. The work is divided among many hands, and is naturally of various quality. In the volume on Paul's writings, which lies before us, Dr. Gifford's commentary on the Epistle to the Romans reaches a high standard of excellence. It is marked by breadth of view, candid inquiry, and a calm judgment. The exposition bears him well out in finding the chief motive and purpose of the letter, not in any special need on the part of the Roman Christians—its leading idea is neither polemic nor eirenic—but the importance of Rome as a base of missionary operations; and the contents of the letter are a full and systematic setting forth of the fundamental principles of the gospel. It is a doctrinal treatise—warmed through and through by personal experience—rather than an occasional missive. The author maintains the authenticity of chapters xv. and xvi., though he regards xv. : 3-20 as a fragment from a later epistle of Paul to the same church, and thus explains the repeated benediction, and gains time for the return of Aquila and Priscilla (xvi. : 3), from Ephesus. This hypothesis has hardly the probability assigned to it, and the author gives too little weight to the circumstantial evidence which tends to show that chapter xvi. is a letter commending Phoebe to the Ephesian, not the Roman, church. His exegetical fairness appears well in his interpreting "death" (v. : 12) as physical death, and in the argument (ix. : 11), as concerned with the Hebrew people and their relation to God's purpose in Christ. His judicial breadth is shown by the wise and accurate statement (on vii. : 7-25): "Extreme views . . . are that (1) only St. Paul's individual experience, (2) only an ideal struggle is here described. . . . He describes the general experience so far as it had been realized in his own case." Passing the work of Canon Evans on I. Corinthians, and Mr. Waite on II. Corinthians—none of it brilliant, but the latter better than the former—we come to Dean Howson's exposition of Galatians, where his well-known conservative position is maintained, as against the Tübingen school and their successors, in regard to Paul's attitude toward Judaizing Christians, and in particular toward Peter. One point is to be criticised. In the interest of harmony between Gal. ii. : 1 and Acts xi. : 30, he ignores the importance to Paul's argument of accounting for himself on every possible occasion of contact with the elder apostles. The most uneventful and quiet journey to Jerusalem would, if not mentioned, become at once a ground of suspicion. It is far more likely that Paul never actually reached Jerusalem on the charitable errand recorded in Acts (xi. : 30) than that he did and failed to speak of it to the erring Galatians.

Of the remaining parts of the Commentary, there is not room to speak as fully as the importance of the writings treated would demand. Prebendary Meyrick has made the fundamental mistake of ignoring the vital connection in thought between Colossians and Ephesians. The false teachings of a perverted, esoteric Christianity are still in the apostle's mind as he writes the later, more general letter, and the 'Adoption in Christ as Predetermined

by God from all Eternity,' is a much too abstract statement of its subject. Canon Gwynn comments appreciatively, and for the most part judiciously, on Philippians. The remainder of the work is from the hand of the Bishop of Derry, a scholarly introduction to the Pastoral Epistles being supplied by Rev. H. Wace. As a whole, the book is warmly to be commended. It is not characterized by remarkable genius in any part, but gives in the main the results of close, patient, well-equipped study, and is sure to encourage the Bible-learner in careful inquiry and fruitful thought.

In a volume* of nearly four hundred pages Mr. Grant has collected a good deal of information and illustration with reference to the festivals and saints'-days habitually observed by so large a part of the Christian Church. The origin of each celebration, as far as it is known, the various modes of its observance, and the significance attaching to it are all given a place, as contributing to intelligent devotion. Appropriate hymns and poems, ancient, mediæval, and modern, are cited frequently and with good taste. The engravings, however, do not embellish the book, and might wisely have been omitted.

A NEW edition—the sixth—of that entertaining and instructive book, 'The Life and Letters of Walter Farquhar Hook,'† having been brought out in England, Mr. James Pott has undertaken to meet the demand for it in this country. The object of the new edition is to bring the work within the reach of persons who were debarred from getting it by the high price of earlier editions. To this end, a few letters have been omitted, and the narrative in parts condensed. But two interesting events—Dr. Hook's support of the Rev. F. Maurice, and the renewal of his correspondence with Dr. Pusey—are now for the first time recorded; a few errors have been corrected, and some fresh anecdotes are introduced.

MR. ROW is an apologist of a most useful kind. His arguments in behalf of the historic foundations of Christianity have been developed in scholarly works; the little volume before us‡ addresses itself concisely to the busy men and women who have neither time nor training for intricate discussion. It grasps strongly the main questions at issue, and applies a vigorous judgment to their solution, and thus, without wearying or distracting the reader by critical details, offers him sound practical reasons for the truth of the religion of Christ, whose appreciation requires no other equipment than earnestness, candor, and common-sense. Evidence of the existence of God is presented first; the probability of revelation and the claim of Christianity to be a revelation are considered next. This claim is made good on the one hand by the unique character of Jesus and his religion, to whose peculiar power the world's experience bears witness, and on the other by the basis of this religion in certain remarkable facts of history—the crucial test of the gospel narrative being found in the resurrection. All these topics are treated in short chapters, suited to those whose leisure is reckoned by minutes. The book was first published in England three or four years ago. It will do good here as well as there, not only to the classes specially addressed, but also to many special students of these subjects, who, in the confusing mass of fact and opinion, are somewhat apt to lose sight of that simple and weighty proof which appeals to the common mind of men.

Recent Fiction.

THE moral of the story of 'The Private Secretary'§ is that it is not a desirable thing for either party that the private secretary of a young man should be a young woman.

THE story of 'Reseda'¶ strengthens our impression that the most cherished conception of heaven to the British papa and mamma must be the belief that there will be there no marriages or giving in marriage. The author undertakes not only to deal with the matrimonial difficulties of the hero and heroine, but to pilot several other young people to hymeneal bliss through the usual

* The Bible Commentary, edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. New Testament, Vol. III. Romans to Philemon. \$5. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* The Church Seasons Historically and Poetically Illustrated. By Alexander H. Grant, M.A. Second Edition, Revised. \$1.50. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

† The Life and Letters of Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S. By his Son-in-Law, W. R. W. Stephens. 6th edition, with Index. \$2.50. London: Richard Bentley & Son. New York: James Pott.

‡ Reasons for Believing in Christianity. Addressed to Busy People. By the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A. 75 cts. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

§ The Private Secretary. By the Author of The Battle of Dorking. Paper, 20 cts. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

¶ Reseda. By Mrs. Randolph. Paper, 20 cts. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

parental disapproval, and even to re-marry the parent to an adventuress, who, in supplying material for the plot, is far more the heroine of the story than Reseda herself.

THE lofty efforts of certain conscientious novelists to reform the world by picturing the horrors sure to follow intemperance are probably thrown away. Not only is it a well-known fact that to dwell upon suicide or any other moral delinquency has a morbid tendency to increase the number of the guilty, but it is certain that the poor sufferers themselves know far better than the author the consequences of indulgence, and need to be told, not what will follow, but how to avoid, sinning. In this respect the wisest temperance story we remember is one in which the wife, having tried every resource of remonstrance and disapproval, and example of total abstinence, at last buys the liquor herself for her ruined husband and gives it to him in his own home, till he has given up the habit of frequenting drinking dens. Mr. Robinson's story of 'The Black Speck' * is in no way remarkable or interesting, and its only chance of exerting the influence to which it aspires lies in a single stirring scene which really contains a hint for the wise. A son who has seen father and brother ruined by drink, and who has only offended them by his stern remonstrance and his own example, offers one day to drink with them. The father's horror at seeing this second son ready to fall reveals to him the depth of his own degradation and proves an effectual warning to the tempted one himself.

'HOMOSELLE' † is a charming addition to the Southern literature which has recently begun to develop in such rare and delicate perfection. Dealing with life on the James River under the old régime before the war, it is written with a tact and delicacy and cleverness which leave the fact of the author's Southern sympathies to be surmised merely from the abundance of local color. The story of Chloe, for instance, is made as pathetic as the most ardent anti-slavery advocate could have desired; but by a different method. A Northerner would have thought to heighten the pathos by making it all pathetic, and showing us Chloe suffering from a sense of degradation; while the Southern author, perhaps unconsciously, has added to the powerful effect upon the reader by making Chloe actually accept her fate with the cheerfulness and humility characteristic of negro dependants. "If a pig could say, 'I am a pig,' he would be a man," wrote Dr. Bartol; and if Chloe could have known how pitiable her fate was, it would have been less pitiable. She belongs to the race whose story has been scathingly told in that reply of Madame Delphine when she heard that the law forbidding the intermarriage of black and white was to keep the races separate: "From which race, then, will they keep my daughter separate, who is seven parts white?" The conversation of the story, even to the love-making, is bright and pithy, justifying itself for being reported. There is a delightful child in the book who exclaims, on finding his nurse hysterically sobbing, "What's the matter, Chloe? has you got religion?" and the charm of the heroine herself, Homoselle, is one we cannot analyze, but feel. The book is worthy of a series which already contains 'The Georgians' and 'A Nameless Nobleman.'

IN spite of its formidable title, 'The Bloody Chasm' ‡—a new novel from the pen of Mr. J. W. De Forest, and the press of the Messrs. Appleton—aims merely to be an entertaining bit of fiction. Entertaining it certainly is. The plot is one of scarcely credible incidents, although some of them have had a parallel in life. A wealthy Northerner, anxious to assist his wife's Southern relations impoverished by "the wah," leaves half his property unconditionally to a Northern nephew, and the other half to his wife's Southern niece, on condition that she marries the nephew. The young man generously consents to allow the young lady to secure her half, but the young lady scornfully refuses both the Northern nephew and the "Yankee dollars," till the lofty spirit of a South Carolinian and "a Beaufort" is broken by absolute want, and by Aunt Chloe's eloquent assertion that "a mule can't live on its own kicking." At this point the lady consents to the ceremony, on condition that she shall not be expected to live with her husband, and aggravates the occasion by appearing at the altar in black crape, and resuming her maiden name in travelling through Europe with her newly-acquired funds. The young husband, who has never seen his wife's face, is enamored, however, of the idea of being married, and resolves to woo his wife, which he does

effectually by appearing before her as a Confederate colonel of the good old Virginian name of Peyton. The point of the story is that the husband, though fain to hear his wife acknowledge that she loves him, necessarily would not enjoy having her profit by her assumed freedom to forget that she is a wife; and the situation is saved by her confessing to him, while believing him a stranger, who is in love with her and whom she loves, that she is already married; so that respect is justified while passion is fanned, and they all live happily ever after. The story is very readable, and Aunt Chloe is almost a Mrs. Poyser.

"Bachelor Bluff."*

WHEN a genial gentleman assumes for a time the rôle of a crusty old fellow we are at once interested and amused. We know by the merry twinkle of his eye, that he does not believe the half of what he says, but that the chosen rôle allows him to hit a few blows that otherwise he would hesitate to deliver. The many readers of *Appletons' Journal* have learned to cut the last leaves of that magazine first, that they may sit down at once at the Editor's Table and partake of the good things there provided. This repast is furnished regularly every month by Mr. O. B. Bunce, who, with an amiable garrulity, discusses such topics as strike his fancy. These bits of talk having attracted much attention it was decided to give them a permanent form. They have been, for the most part, recast, and more thought has been put into them. Mr. Bunce is not a bit of an iconoclast, yet he would have us think that his whole aim in life is to break the images we have set up before us. As Bachelor Bluff he discusses poetry with Mr. Edgar Fawcett, and utterly demolishes that many-sided young man; he compares notes on house-furnishing with an æsthete, and wins his case; he runs his head against a married man, and tries to make him think he would be much happier unmarried; but here Bachelor Bluff does not triumph, for the sufficient reason that he is not in earnest. When he means what he says he makes strong arguments, and even his badinage will carry conviction to the hearts of those who want to be convinced. It has been some time since we have had a book of this sort set before us. It differs in many respects from Mr. Warner's 'Back-Log Studies,' though it may be said to belong to the same family. It is bright and entertaining, for it makes one keep his wits about him to catch the old Bachelor napping; and then it is an incentive to argument. No one could read the chapters on 'Domestic Bliss,' 'Feminine Tact and Intuitions,' or 'Privileges of Women,' to a group of persons, without exciting a lively discussion. For this reason, it is a capital book to read aloud around the evening lamp.

A Book for the Holidays.†

THE first holiday book in the market is James R. Osgood & Co.'s edition of Owen Meredith's 'Lucile,' a poem which still has a charm for young men and young women. The feature of this edition is its illustrations. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Mr. W. L. Sheppard, W. R. Snyder, T. Moran, Granville Perkins, W. D. Smillie, F. Hopkinson Smith, and other artists have been engaged in the work of illustration. We think it a pity that all the figure drawings were not left to Mrs. Foote. The contrast between her Lucile and those introduced by Messrs. Sheppard and Snyder is painful. Mrs. Foote's frontispiece shows us a high-born lady with a delicate, refined face, and graceful figure, while Mr. Sheppard's heroine (page 183) is a very commonplace young woman, dressed most admirably, and Mr. Snyder (opposite page 298) draws a Vassar College girl awaiting her examination in higher mathematics. Of course we prefer to accept Mrs. Foote's more natural interpretation of the heroine. The publishers have put more pictures in this volume than were ever seen in a book of its size before, not even excepting 'The Beautiful Wretch.' If a feather is mentioned, it is given by the artist; if one man offers another a cigar, you find the weed on the page before you. If we had any complaint to make, it would be in reference to this excess of illustration; but that is a fault the public will readily forgive. The work is beautifully printed and handsomely bound, and will doubtless be read more generally than almost any other book prepared with an eye to the holidays.

* The Black Speck. By F. W. Robinson. Paper, 10cts. Franklin Square Library, New York: Harper & Brothers.

† Homoselle. \$1.00. Round Robin Series. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

‡ The Bloody Chasm. By J. W. De Forest. \$1. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* Bachelor Bluff: His Opinions, Sentiments, and Disputations. By Oliver Bell Bunce. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† Lucile. By "Owen Meredith," (Lord Lytton). Cloth, \$6; morocco, or tree-calf, \$10. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The Critic

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THE CRITIC has been the most noteworthy success in its way for years; it began brightly and has never yet had a dull number; it is independent, various, vivacious; it is abreast of its work and understands it. . . . To-day it is the most interesting journal of literary criticism in the country."—SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

"THE CRITIC . . . is a conspicuous success. Its treatment of literary topics is fresh and discerning, while its opinions about books are entertaining and instructive. The success of THE CRITIC is a success of its methods, and these methods indicate a new departure for literary criticism in this country."—ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

"We are very glad to notice the almost phenomenal success of THE CRITIC, which at once leaped into a front place among literary papers, and is to-day facile princeps. Its reviews are generally very able, and it is a credit to its staff and to America."—MONTREAL DAILY STAR.

"THE CRITIC is an admirable journal, and its Editors are to be congratulated on the brightness as well as the substantial value of its pages. It is broad, discerning, fair-minded, and has thus far been free from all narrow and petty writing."—CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

"THE CRITIC is the fairest representative of broad culture in America to-day. It is fearless, scholarly, and courteous. No publication of the age contains so much discriminative criticism in so little space."—DETROIT ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

"THE KING IS DEAD."

A GREAT and noble man is dead—a man of tireless energy and immense common sense. We do not care in these columns to speak of the politician and the general, of the statesman or the President. Behind these was the man—the indomitable force that made all the others possible. It is as the ambitious, unquenchable boy, the unbalkable student, the great warm-hearted teacher, the ripe, rich scholar, the honest man who grew out of these, that we love to think of him. Scholarship and the ways of the scholar took him up from the tow-path, took him away from the farm and the woods, and made greatness possible to him. The scholarly side of his character, therefore, has the highest interest for us. Not that he was one of "them dem'd literary fellers." He was not. But learning was to him a prime good, and books entered into his life as one of the sweetest, purest, noblest elements. He was seven years engaged in those studies which lie mostly beyond the mere preliminary schooling of boys. He was five years in the school-room perfecting and using his college training. In these twelve years of student-life his mind took its tone. When he came out of college and its libraries, he was twenty-four years old. When the war came, it found him a formed and inflexible man of thirty. His mental framework was fixed forever. That was just twenty years ago. The army life was glorious, leaving him a major-general at thirty-three. But it was an episode, so far as his intellectual bias was concerned. A million brave men stepped aside from their ordinary life, as he did. Some were made by it, some unmade. The outward flow of his life was materially affected, but the mental bent had been given, the mental habits were formed. Every leading and aspiring force was at work. When the tools are sharpened, they may be put to a thousand uses—war, trade, or politics. The man was made; for he had learned the use of his tools. "There is no such thing as genius," said Hogarth; "genius is nothing but labor and diligence." To these James Garfield had added the "solid ballast of learning." Whatever learning was to be had from books, his student life had opened to him. His energies were directed and steadied by training, and American institutions made everything possible,

When he entered the White House, we had no fear that our great scholars abroad would be displaced, and we had no fear that our institutions of learning at home would be cursed. The scholarship of the country laid hold of him. He honored it, and it was glad to honor him. He had made the great thoughts of the past his own. He drew upon the experience of the ages for his guidance in statesmanship. Though he was in no sense pedantic, he embellished his oratory with the gems of literature. He loved his library, and books were to him both a recreation and an inspiration. He loved to talk of them at table, to read them with his children. He loved the ancients, and found them fit society for the moderns. As much, too, as a busy life allowed, he seems to have been familiar with the great modern thinkers. He kept himself in sympathy with the intellectual life of his time. His relations with his old college professors were touching; his boyish love for the old scholarly companionship has been a very refreshing thing in this last year or two. When we had learned to look for the ward politician at the elbow of greatness, it was a delight to discover that the college president had now some show. This love for books and friendship for literature seems to have made him not only strong, but joyous and happy. His life appears to have been all the sweeter in the home circle. There was a quiet and generous atmosphere there. There was an ambition above ambition—a higher end when the highest had been reached. The pictures of his studious home life, of the respect paid there to genuine things, are among the finest that have been painted of White House life these many years. We all had hopes and renewed confidence when we saw how full of refinement and earnest sincere aim his household was. It seemed as if we were to have at the head of the nation not only energy and great action, but "plain living and high thinking." It is but a brief while since it began, and now that glorious hope is dashed once more. God grant it may rise again! But to-day it lies dead. To-day the nation mourns a great and representative home broken up, the household gods scattered, the fires gone out. To-day we follow the long train across the land—near half this magnificent continent traversed—from the greatest house in the wide world to the lowliest.

The Flight of Earth.

I DREAM that from some height of sky,
Some calm, ethereal summit, I
Watch the revolving earth below
And all its world of life descry.
I see it move and throb and glow,
And in the lucent dawn I know
What meadowlands and mountains lie
Within its surface, while I trace
Its human interlinks of race.

From this heaven-height of space sublime,
Whereto my soul has dared to climb,
Beyond the flaming hours that flee
Along the ravaging track of time—
Beyond bright forms of flower and tree;
Beyond tempestuous deeps of sea,
Beyond the bitter lust of crime,
And toil, and shadows of dead dreams,
Beyond dark cities, woods, and streams—

I hear a muffled roar of sounds
Breeze-blown from many-peopled mounds,
Hoarse tones of terror and wild cries
Like shrieks from prowling midnight hounds,
And sobs that move the air wind-wise,
And prayers, and curses, and loud sighs,
Wrung from the mad earth as it bounds,
Like some infernal meteor, bright
With sun-born glory or soft moonlight.

Mixed with this human wail I hear
 A song of faith divinely clear,
 A song of hope which trembles through
 The earth-encompassing atmosphere.
 Above the common voice of rue
 It echoes to the spacious blue
 Of tranquil skies which waver near.
 Ah! what sweet music doth it make
 In me whose heart was fain to break.

With all-beholding eyes I gaze
 On scintillant paths of Summer days
 And nights of slumber-burdened gloom;
 I see a world of men whose ways
 Lie deep in scattered cloud and bloom,
 Or wind in labyrinths of doom;
 I see desire that blindly strays,
 And love that burns, and love that weeps,
 And death that never tires nor sleeps.

I look upon the life of men,
 More real to me than ever when
 I stood amid some jarring crowd,
 A solitary denizen.
 I see the weak, the wise, the proud
 At work to win a grave, a shroud—
 To conquer and to lose again:
 They strive within the bonds of fate,
 Forever dauntless and elate;

They suffer and they hope, alas!
 They build with patient hands—and pass,
 And few are nobly born to win
 A place above the crawling mass.
 Their yearning hearts are bitten of sin,
 And shame has struck its fangs within
 Their flesh, which withers as the grass;
 Yet there is something godlike still
 In their imperishable will!

Lo! as I ponder, darkness falls
 About me like the hush of palls
 Laid on pale faces of the dead,
 And out of hollow distance calls
 The radiant starshine overhead:
 I feel as one whose dream has fled,
 Whose feet are pressed in native halls;
 Then with a passionate cry I cast
 One longing look to heaven—the last.

Through shadows and far flames of night
 Earth heaves like some red sea of light
 And in its changeless orbit rolls.
 Moved by an omnipresent might
 Which one eternal law controls,
 And with a multitude of souls
 Drawn roundward, doomward in its flight:
 Yet there where lives meet breath with breath
 Love lights the way of men to death.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMMERY.

Education

"Elements of Geometry."*

THE same excellent method and clearness of style which we noticed some weeks ago in Prof. Newcomb's treatise on Algebra, is also noticeable in this new work on Elementary Geometry. The present treatise is a full presentation of the subject, developed from "what is commonly known as the ancient or Euclidian Geometry." The reasoning of Euclid is still followed as the best by many large institutions here and abroad. Various attempts have been made to supplement it, so as to bring the work of the old Greek geometer up to the latest improved forms; some with considerable success, some with obvious failure. To vary, to add, to condense, to substitute phrases—this is not necessarily to better the stern logic of the father of this science. Of such variations as have approved themselves, Prof. Newcomb appears to have made use in his work. His selections for exercise, and problems and theorems for practice, are in accord with the most approved works, and give ample material for the student who wishes

* Elements of Geometry. By Simon Newcomb, Professor of Mathematics, United States Navy. \$2.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

to build up brain by sure methods. Following the plan adopted for the author's Algebra, the Professor still continues to introduce, in a happy manner, the easier principles of conic sections. The question of symmetrical figures and their properties he has shorn of some of its difficulties to beginners by his fortunate method of illustration. His use of the straight line as the equivalent of the double right angle, though not by any means new, is pushed further than we have anywhere seen it pushed. His early development of reflex angles is a novelty. The definitions are generalized so as to cover later uses for them in higher mathematics; and the plan pursued in the Algebra of illustrating each topic, and clamping it with exercises before it gets cold, so to speak, is a fresh excellence. Altogether the book is noticeable for its clearness, its freshness of definitions, its *conservative modernness*. We do not miss any of the labor-saving contrivances—abbreviations, and what not—nor yet feel that the Euclidian stock is over-watered. The good taste shown in choice of type, paper and covers might be studied with advantage by many of our school-book purveyors.

A New Botany.*

THIS small volume offers to teachers and students, in a very compact and accessible form, the main facts in the physiology and classification of plants. The mere placing of an organism in its proper order, family, genera, and species, the naming and numbering of its parts, which constituted the school botany of a generation ago, has yielded in our day to the study of the life of the plant. Modern science has even clothed the dry bones of the old classification and made it live. The material has been very carefully worked over by Mr. McNab, and is put into clear and concise language. For its size, the book is wonderfully comprehensive. The attempt to compact the matter so as to get as much as possible into so limited a compass, serves to make the treatment somewhat dry and unattractive, though it is never obscure. As a book for the use of teachers or others who cannot afford to own Sach's 'Text-Book of Botany,' it will prove very useful, covering in great measure the same ground, and in many cases being simpler and clearer in its explanations. And to any one who wants to know, and can dispense with amusement as a concomitant of knowledge, it will undoubtedly be of value.

A First Greek Course.†

DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S First Greek Course is a book of solid worth, and there has gone to its composition plenty of zeal, a sound knowledge, and a desire to give the student a scientific basis for his study. Still, it cannot be regarded as an ideal book for beginners. One defect is in the arrangement of matter. To place the whole body of nouns, pronouns, adjectives, and adverbs before the verbs may or may not be correct in theory; it is certainly a serious hindrance to a young student, and is quite at variance with the essential idea of study by progressive exercises. The natural method is to begin with simple and regular forms, both of noun and verb, and let the complicated and exceptional ones follow. A second difficulty is in the lack of explanation of linguistic facts. It may be doubted, for example, whether it is useful to untrained minds to have the stem of a substantive so drilled into them as the author's method contemplates, without receiving any clear notion of what a stem is. It is surely not impossible to give even a child some simple idea of the development of language. The treatment of the verb, too, is not the best for its purpose. We have no hesitation in saying that whoever is old enough to study Greek is mature enough to be taught, not in a single unemphatic sentence, but by careful repetition and practice that the conjugation in μ antedates and underlies that in ω , and that the impression conveyed by this, with such a host of other grammars, is most unfortunate, namely, that the ω verb is historically, as well as in classic usage, the normal one, and that the verb in μ marks an aberration of the Greek fancy. 'A Short Syntax' of ten pages precedes the final vocabularies. It is much too short, and its statements are not always good, e.g., "The latter of two nouns is put in the genitive, when one is dependent upon the other;" or more laconically still: "The latter of two verbs is put in the infinitive" (!). In the above criticisms it is not meant that the book is faulty above most of its kind, nor is any

* Botany: Outlines of Morphology, Physiology, and Classification of Plants. By William Ramsey McNab. \$2. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

† Initia Græca. Part I. A First Greek Course. By William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. 12th ed., thoroughly revised. 60 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

disparagement of its sterling scholarship implied. But the demands of our time—and not least in the departments of primary instruction—require a peculiarly fine intelligence and adaptation in the writing of text-books. Our author has tried to do two things at once; he has even repeated fifty pages of his book, with a slight rearrangement, for the sake of accomplishing both. He aimed at making a good 'First Course' and a good outline grammar of reference; as a consequence, he has not succeeded well in either. He has, however, failed in good company, and a skilful teacher will know how to make the best of a book whose substantial qualities are so apparent.

English History.

THIS* is the first in a series of three English books by the same author, which the publishers do well to introduce to American readers. They come in time for the autumn opening of the schools, and many teachers will welcome the three, but particularly this charmingly enticing 'Outline' for the very youngest scholars. Most of the books intended for boys from eight to twelve years of age, are exceedingly dry. This is not so. Though in interest not quite up to Higginson's 'United States,' it is thoroughly readable, giving, as it does, an infusion of the good stories, hints of old English or Saxon manners and customs, as well as a clear outline of the wars and changes in English early history. The style is slightly "let down," but so mildly so that the children won't perceive it or feel insulted by it. Many very good text-books bristle with names and dates; this one has just enough for the youngest pupils. The judicious teacher will add a few here and there according to his plan of future studies; but in the child's first reading of history, too much attention cannot be paid to the simple, homely characteristic traits of daily life, nor too little to its arid desert of dates. The volume covers about the ground usually covered by school histories, bringing the reader down to the year 1880. We should commend it as decidedly worthy to take rank among the best of its kind.

THE next work before us† is in two parts, one by Prof. Gardiner, the other by Prof. Mullinger. The first part is an historical summary of the general principles of English History—a résumé, not of facts and incidents, not of reigns and wars, not of social and political events, but of social and intellectual and moral movements. Its chief value would be to the student who is already pretty well-read in English History, and who wishes, in pursuing his way more deeply into some special epoch, to keep open his lines of communication with the rear. It is such a summary—in kind, though not by any means in quality—as Michelet's, of the Middle Ages. It is far easier to pick up the threads of English story than to find the clew to the intricate workings of the scores of state and interstate policies in central Europe in those old days. When the general student shall have read Hume and Hallam, Macaulay, and Green's recent work, he will have in his mind pretty much all that Prof. Gardiner has to give him.

The second part of the volume is less easily replaced. Mr. Mullinger has brought together the authorities on English History, both those that were contemporary and those of a more general character; he has, in some degree, analyzed their work, and tried to characterize them according to the recent and generally accepted criticism. This leads him through the work of philologist, archæologist, annalist, chronologist, biographer, and historian—state papers, parliamentary reports, records, debates, etc. It is a labor of very considerable value, and by no means so dry as one would expect in a work of the kind. The student will be glad to have it in his hands when he enters the Astor, or any large consulting library. It would be a useful guide to one in forming a library, in any department of English history, for himself or his children. The publisher's work is better done than the proof-reader's—a fine full-page, rich paper, handsome type, tasteful cover, and abundance of typographical errors in the marginal analysis.

Sidney Lanier.

AMERICAN literature has suffered a positive loss in the untimely death of Sidney Lanier, at Lynn, N. C., on Thursday, Sept. 8. Though a native of Macon, Ga. (1842), Mr. Lanier spent the greater part of his life in Baltimore, where he became Lecturer

on English Literature in the Johns Hopkins University. In 1876 he wrote the cantata that was sung at the opening of the Centennial Exposition; and in the same year a collection of his poems was published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. An exhaustive work on 'Florida' (1875), and a curious treatise on 'The Science of English Verse' (1880), in which he proposed the substitution of musical notation for the ordinary prosodical signs, were his principal works in prose; but of late years he had devoted such time as the state of his health permitted to the editing of boys' editions of 'Froissart,' and the 'Arthurian Legends,' already published, and the 'Mabinogion' in press.

If there was any affectation in Mr. Lanier's verse, it was what may be called a sincere affectation—rather a strangeness or quaintness to be attributed to his strongly held theories of poetic art. These theories were partly derived from his musical studies, partly from his explorations in old and out-of-the-way English poetry, and partly from other sources. At its worst, his poetry was strained and fantastical enough; at its best, there was in it an original and penetrating quality not usual in modern verse. The following poem, full of heroic pathos, was published by Lanier in *Scribner's* for May, 1877:

THE STIRRUP CUP.

Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare;
Look how compounded, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyám, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakspeare for a king-delight.

These were to sweeten thee with song;
The blood of heroes made thee strong.
What heroes! Ah, for shame, for shame!
The worthiest died without a name.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt;
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
If death such dear distilment be,
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

"Baby Rue" Again a Prisoner.

'BABY RUE' seems to have an unlimited capacity for getting into trouble. On the heels of the recently told story, of her 'Adventures and Misadventures' in the Indian Territory, comes the news that, in journeying to Jericho, she has fallen among—revenue officers. In the Indian Territory, the child cost the Government a border foray; in Boston she has worried the civil service into a very uncivil snarl. The immediate result is that the collector of the port has her in custody; while the author of her being, backed by an influential publishing house, is engaged in a wordy battle for her release with the officials who sit at the receipt of custom. The facts, as we can gather them from the combatants, are these: Samson Low & Co., the English godfathers of the 'Baby,' sent by post to the author, care of Roberts Brothers, the American publishers, a parcel containing sundry sample copies of the infant in her English dress. This parcel gave "trouble in his mind" to the Boston postmaster. Evidently the last of the 'No Name' series, through some inadvertence of the publishers, had failed to reach him; and so he was ignorant of the child's nationality. It is possible that the wilful 'Baby' was in "one of her tantrums," and would not speak either 'United States' or Pawnee. Not having the evidence of his ears, the learned postmaster saw that the dress savored of England; so then and there, disregarding the virtue of postage stamps, he gave the child into the custody of the collector of the port; for, think of it, what loyal Boston official—anti- or sub-stalwart—may, might, could, would, or should permit Machertes to do New England in the matter of prints?

The point made by the author is that the only legal offence, in the importation of an English copy of an American book, is the infringement of copyright. In this case, the fact that the parcel was sent in care of Roberts Brothers, the American publishers, is sufficient proof that it was in no wise a commercial parcel; and complimentary copies could not, with any fairness, be reckoned in the list of dutiable imports. We think the author's point well taken, and shall wait with interest for the decision of the authorities in a case which, at least, touches the question of international copyright.

* Outline of English History, for Young Folks. By S. R. Gardiner. \$1. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

† English History for Students. By Samuel R. Gardiner, Hon. LL.D., and J. Bass Mullinger, M.A. \$2.25. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Echoes from the Rhine.*

THE wide diversity in sentiment and style between the poets of Germany and of Spain lends peculiar interest to a book which purports to convey to the Spanish reader an idea, through his own language, of the poetry of the Fatherland. Curiosity was certainly the predominant feeling with which we at first undertook a perusal of the unpretentious little volume before us; but although the work is very unequal, the Spanish student, more particularly if he be at all familiar with the originals, cannot fail to derive pleasure and satisfaction from it. We are not disposed to criticise too closely the selections that have been made, but if the translator had adopted a more limited field, and given more examples from some of the popular writers, he would probably have pleased the average reader better. Such authors, for example, as Beck and Johann Vogl are hardly Rhinelanders, and the space devoted to them and a few others might have been more acceptably filled. Most American students of German literature would probably place Schiller in the rank as first favorite, but Señor Sellen dismisses him in two short pages, while the rival genius of Frankfurt is treated only a little better. The 'Brooklet'—one of the prettiest of Goethe's trifles, and which contains an idea that has been often taken up in other languages—might at least have been deemed worthy of translation. Among nearly forty authors whose names we find in the book, by far the largest space is given to Heinrich Heine; and this is not unnatural. Of all German poets, Heine is the one we should select as coming nearest—though still far away—to the ideal sentiment of Castile. In the following, which we give merely as a specimen of some well-remembered lines, and not as one of the best specimens, this is illustrated:

Tienes diamantes y perlas
Cuanto puedes anhelar:
Bellísimos ojos tienes . . .
Amor mío ¿quieres más?

A tus bellísimos ojos
No he cesado de rimar
Un año tras otro año . . .
Amor mío ¿quieres más?

Con tus bellísimos ojos
Me has podido atromentar
Tanto, que al fin me acabaste . . .
Amor mío ¿quieres más?

In the preface we are told that the translator had once intended to give his readers a disquisition on German poetry. It is well that better counsels prevailed, and that the volume was not extended in that direction. Of the rhythm, beauty, and richness of the poetry of Germany much may indeed be said, but for the present at least the translator has given to the Spaniard and Spanish reader all that is required. We regard it as a tentative effort; and if it be appreciated as it deserves, we shall hope to see in the near future a similar work on a more ambitious design. Translations are rarely without defects, and this is no exception, but they are valuable as a means of comparison, if nothing else. Some of Señor Sellen's verses have not the smoothness, either of form or expression, which would be looked for in original Castilian verse, and still his work is quite worthy of general commendation. But if his readers are German scholars also, as is very likely to be the case, we are much mistaken if they will not lay down the book with a deepened impression of the beauties of the original tongue.

"Evelina."†

ONE seldom finds time nowadays to re-read the novels of the past century; indeed, not all of us have taken even a first draught from that pure well of English literature; so that more than one half the readers of the present volume will have to thank the editor for introducing them to an author, whom they have known only as a name. The introduction is readable, though perhaps a little longer than it need have been; and the text is not over-burdened with notes, as it might have been, had the editor sought to attract more than a fair share of attention to her own portion of

the work. No one familiar with the style of Bohn's libraries need be told that 'Evelina' is printed in clear type, on soft paper, and that it is bound in a tasteful cover.

Church Decoration.

THE surest test of the progress which we are making in the decorative arts is to be found in the church interiors which have been re-decorated during the summer. Of these, the most noticeable are the Church of the Holy Name (Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street); St. Thomas's, not far distant, where more or less work has been doing, but where much more, it is to be hoped, remains to be done; and Grace Church, where some new stained-glass windows, far superior to the old, but not the best that might have been obtained, have been inserted. The first-named church has been completely transformed as to its interior, and from a rather shabby place of worship, converted into a really imposing one. It is the most satisfactory piece of work yet turned out by the Associated Artists, who have already made a strong mark for themselves—not altogether to their credit—in the Seventh Regiment Armory and the Union League Club. The exuberant invention which, more than anything else, has laid them open to criticism in their former works, is not by any means absent from here, but it is more restrained, and is turned to better account. The peculiar color schemes with which they threatened to identify themselves have been so far modified as to admit of large masses of soft and harmonious tints. That rather leaden-hued metal, aluminium, which does duty for silver in modern decorations, has been more sparingly employed, and this time for an excellent purpose—to soften and bring into keeping the violent red and blue stencil work of the vault. The windows, though very rich, are not obtrusive. A very good end has been attained by the use of warm-tinted draperies of about the same color as the walls, which cover the fronts of the galleries, and, as nearly as possible, suppress those unsightly structures. A great altar-piece in glass mosaic fills the larger part of the wall space at the chancel end of the central aisle. The subject is an heroic figure of an angel with outspread wings and holding a voluminous scroll, not very distinctly lettered, which is involved with the rolling clouds that fill up the background. The conception is decidedly in the manner of Blake, but it is much to be able to say that it is agreeably so. That wonderful man's work might afford many a motive to our church decorators; and if they always do as well as the Associated Artists have done in this particular case, the more they make use of Blake the better. It is to be presumed that the narrow arched spaces which remain at either side of this mosaic are to be filled with ornament which will serve to frame it in. The black pilasters alone are not sufficient for this purpose. The pillars throughout are in effect black, and not dark blue, as they were probably intended to appear, since dark blue paint has been used. There is no call for such an amount of black, unless in Holy Week. Mr. St. Gaudens's bas-relief of the late pastor owes no obligations to the row of clumsy candlesticks by which it is surmounted.

At St. Thomas's the principal work done this summer has been the decorating of the two half domes on either side of the choir. The decoration includes two gigantic angels in white robes and a great deal of green and gold arabesque work. It would be better if gold alone had been used, as these recesses are very dark. The lighting of the entire church ought to be rearranged. By daylight it is probably one of the worst-lit edifices in the city. It is a shame that the beautiful work around the choir—the best of the kind that New York has to show—should remain invisible. The windows above it should be filled up and light admitted from the roof.

The Late Stephen Foster.

THOUGH the late Stephen Symonds Foster, who died in his seventy-second year, at his home in Worcester, Mass., about a fortnight since, had written numerous tracts and a more pretentious work, entitled 'The Brotherhood of Thieves; or, A True Picture of the American Church and Clergy,' he could hardly have claimed serious consideration as a man of letters. He was, however, a conspicuous figure in the ranks of the abolitionists, both before and after the split which was occasioned in the anti-slavery party by Miss Abby Kelley's introduction of the woman's rights question, at the convention of 1840. Mr. Foster married Miss Kelley (who survives him) in 1845; and a year thereafter he was caricatured by James Russell Lowell as

"The unappeasable Boanerges
To all the churches and the clergies . . .
A kind of maddened John the Baptist
To whom the harshest word comes aptest."

He was equally notable for the violence of his public utterances and the gentleness of his private life.

* Ecos del Rin. Colección de Poesías Alemanas traducidas en verso por Francisco Sellen. New York: N. Ponce de Leon.

† Evelina, etc. By Francis Burney. With an Introduction and Notes by Annie Raine Ellis. London: George Bell & Sons. New York: Scribner & Welford.

Shakspeare Misquoted.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

In the last number of your esteemed journal, I am charged with having *misquoted* Shakspeare in the lines chosen for the motto of my book on 'Mouth-Breathing.' Upon referring to 'King Lear,' Act v., Scene 3, you will find the words,

"Shut your mouth, dame;
Or with this paper shall I stop it?"

By an inadvertence on my part, or the printer's, the word "nostril," as it appears in the original text in Henry V., Act iii., Scene 1 (from which the second line of the motto was taken), was changed to the plural.

CLINTON WAGNER.

New York, 19 Sept., 1881.

[To say nothing of the novelty of thus linking two lines taken from widely different sources, without indicating the source from which each line is taken, we must reassert that the motto was misquoted, "by an inadvertence on" Dr. Wagner's "or the printer's" part. And after the lines from 'Lear,' quoted in the above communication, the Doctor errs again in substituting a question point for a period, thereby robbing the speech of all its emphasis.—EDS. CRITIC.]

"The Twelve Good Rules of Familiar Verse."

In London recently, Mr. J. Brander Matthews suggested to Mr. Austin Dobson the framing of a code of laws for the composition of *vers de société*, or, as Mr. Dobson prefers to call them, "familiar verse." The next day he received a note from the author of 'Proverbs in Porcelain,' containing twelve maxims, entitled as above, which are here reproduced from the *Philadelphia Press*.

- I. Never be vulgar.
- II. Avoid slang and puns.
- III. Avoid inversions.
- IV. Be sparing of long words.
- V. Be colloquial, but not commonplace.
- VI. Choose the lightest and brightest of measures.
- VII. Let the rhymes be frequent, but not forced.
- VIII. Let them be rigorously exact to the ear.
- IX. Be as witty as you like.
- X. Be serious by accident.
- XI. Be pathetic with the greatest discretion.
- XII. Never ask if the writer of these rules has observed them himself.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE current number of *Harper's Monthly* is particularly rich in illustrations.

The American Sunday School Union have ready a new edition of Dr. Philip Schaff's 'Bible Dictionary.'

Robert Clarke & Co. announce a volume of 'Prose Miscellanies,' by Judge Horace P. Biddle, of the Supreme Court of Indiana.

A new story by Mrs. H. B. Stowe and a new novel by Judge Albion W. Tourgee are announced by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

By an oversight, Mayor's 'Sketch of Ancient Philosophy,' reviewed in the last number of THE CRITIC, was not credited to Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

'One of Cleopatra's Nights,' a collection of short stories, translated from Theophile Gautier, will be published by R. Worthington in the course of the coming fortnight.

'Tutti-Frutti' is the not very pleasing title of a "book of child's songs" by Laura Ledyard and W. T. Peters, which will be issued by George W. Harlan. The illustrations are by A. Brennan and D. T. Peters.

The 'fall announcement' number of the *Publishers' Weekly*, September 17th, contains ninety pages of publishers' announcements. Old publishers say that it is the longest list they have ever known at this season of the year.

Harper & Bros. will soon publish Goldsmith's complete works, edited by Peter Cunningham, in four volumes. This is the standard edition of Goldsmith, and, strange to say, it has never yet been published by an American publisher.

The Rev. Dr. Taylor, of this city, has written the volume on John Knox for A. C. Armstrong & Son's 'Heroes of Christian History' series. This firm will also publish a posthumous volume, by the Rev. H. B. Smith, called 'Apologetics.'

We have received from Mr. J. W. Bouton, the American agent of the publishers, a copy of the July number of *L'Art de la Mode*, the handsomest of all Parisian fashion papers, and consequently the highest exponent of the art of making dresses.

A new series of school readers, edited by Marcius Willson, who has done similar work for the Harpers and the Appletons, is announced by the Lippincotts. The first four volumes of the series are now ready, the fifth will be published in October, and a sixth is in preparation.

In the Paris papers extracts have been published from the forthcoming memoirs of Count Paul Demitrich Kesselef, which will be issued simultaneously in St. Petersburg and the French capital. The work will form four large volumes, and the specimens thus far made public, which relate to the period of Kesselef's embassy to France, have piqued curiosity to see the Russian's memoirs in their entirety.

'The Nature and Function of Art, more Especially of Architecture,' is the title of a volume by Leopold Edlitz, announced by A. C. Armstrong & Son. Mr. Edlitz is one of the architects of the State Capitol, and is a man with very decided views in his profession. The coming book is the result of thirty years' experience and observation.

Walt Whitman has been spending the pleasantest of the late mid-September days at Concord, Mass., much of the time with Emerson. One evening they were two hours together in a social family gathering; and on Sunday last, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, with their son, daughter, and a few relatives and special friends, entertained Mr. Whitman at dinner.

A second edition of Dr. Hitchcock's 'American Version of the Revised New Testament' (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), contains a new and elaborate appendix, which not only reverses the English appendix, but gives detailed information concerning some of the more important words referred to under 'Classes of Passages.' The errors of the first edition have been corrected.

We have seen several pages of the colored illustrations made by Howard Pyle for Dodd, Mead & Co.'s holiday edition of 'The Lady of Shalot,' and can safely speak of them as something entirely new. The pictures are very striking, and the artist has been fortunate in finding a lithographer to reproduce his colors so well. We have no doubt the book will become popular.

The obituaries of the late Samuel B. Ruggles, of New York, have said a great deal about his genius for statistics, but nothing concerning his love for, and knowledge of, general literature. He was a man of wide sympathies as well as of statesmanlike views—the kind of citizen who in England is constantly called upon to serve the country in high office; the kind of citizen whom, in America, the "machine" generally condemns to private life.

'Greece and Rome; their Life and Art,' by Jacob von Falcke, is to be the holiday book of Henry Holt & Co., who announce, in addition to this handsomely illustrated volume, Mr. John D. Champlin, Jr.'s, 'Young Folks' History of the War for the Union'; 'Our Familiar Songs and Those who made Them,' containing more than three hundred standard English songs; Parts II. and III. of J. A. Symonds's 'Renaissance in Italy'; Baring-Gould's 'Germany Present and Past'; Ten Brink's 'History of English Literature'; and Cox's 'Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology and Folk Lore.' In the 'Leisure Hour' series, Mrs. Alexander's 'The Freres,' Fothergill's 'Kith and Kin,' and Hardy's 'A Laodicean,' are forthcoming.

Among the books soon to be published by Jansen, McClurg & Co. are the Hon. E. B. Washburne's work on the early history of Illinois—'Governor Edward Coles and the Slavery Struggle of 1823-24'; a translation of the fairy tales of William Hauff, with the original illustrations, under the title 'Tales of the Caravan, Inn, and Palace'; a volume of poems by Ella Wheeler; a memoir of Haydn, in Dr. Nohl's series of musical biographies, translated from the German by J. J. Lalor; and 'Golden Thoughts,' a selection of brief and striking passages from a wide range of authors, orators, statesmen, etc., by the Rev. S. P. Linn; with a companion volume of 'Golden Poems,' containing a new selection from the best minor poems in the language, from the time of Chaucer to the present day, by Mr. Francis F. Browne, editor of *The Dial*.

Mr. J. W. Bouton has just published a new catalogue which is remarkable for its long list of books with etched illustrations. Mr. Bouton brought with him from London a catalogue of the Sunderland or Blenheim Library, which he thinks is "held stiff" at £50,000. A well-known London bookseller after making a careful examination of the books, offered £20,000 for them, but afterward withdrew the offer. Mr. Bouton thinks it an overrated collection, though he says there are about five hundred lots of Americana that should find their way to this country. The library is particularly rich in classics which, though held in high esteem at one time, are obsolete as collector's books now. For instance, there are twenty-two lots of Apuleius, twenty-five of Ariosto, 79 of Aristoteles, 32 of St. Augustine, 50 of Cæsar, and 250 of Cicero. Next in number to the classics, but of more value, are the Bibles and Testaments printed in many languages, and for the most part first editions. The sale of the first part of this library will be begun on the first of December, and continue for ten days.

The Fine Arts

"L'Art." Vol. xxv.*

THE attention and the honors lavished upon artists in France by government have lately had an echo in private life which is not without significance. The policy of the central government in the direct encouragement of art has not altered under the Republic. On the contrary, the French legislatures appear to be desirous of surpassing the former monarchs in generosity. In that respect we see the traditions handed down. But now, under the Republic, private individuals have begun to interest themselves in the artists as a class. An artist named Clerget, of Nevers, having to leave by will a fortune of about two million francs, conceived the bright idea of founding a retreat for painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and draughtsmen who were disabled by illness permanently or temporarily, or were otherwise unable to support themselves and their families. The *Association des Artistes* sent their President, Mr. Sommerard, to inquire into the conditions of the will, and his report appeared in *L'Art* under the date of April 24th. One of these conditions is that a certain building occupied by his deceased mother should remain unchanged, in memory of her. The delay that might be occasioned by the satisfaction of some small legacies will be overcome by government aid, and the real estate at Nevers left by M. Clerget, is to be consolidated by sales and by purchase of neighboring land, so as to form a single domain embracing one bank of the Loire and an islet in the river. The general plan is that of a village of dwelling-houses provided with a common dining-hall, reading-room, etc. What is of most moment in this affair is the appearance of a private person taking the lead of the French government in providing, not for the successful artist, but for the unhappy sculptor or painter whom misfortune or want of talent has reduced to penury. It marks the direction which it is natural for our own country to take, where the government has not even the traditions that would induce it to encourage art.

In the same connection, as bearing on republicanism, the thoughtful and well-expressed notice by Gindriez of the sculptor Rude, is not without point. Rude saw most of the changes in France from the Days of Terror till the Coup d'Etat. He retained a strong smack of the republican of the earliest and crudest type in his manners, if not in his art, and yet loved Napoleon because he represented force. The English reader will hardly fail to note the likeness Carlyle bore to Rude, both in his peasant origin and the volcanic nature of his expression. The somewhat inexplicable leaning toward Greek art which Rude exhibited might have been paralleled by the tendency shown in many of the later pictures of Corot. To a foreigner both seem to belong to the general tendencies of the French nation toward Latin forms in literature and art. M. Gindriez passes lightly over some of Rude's work, and nearly approaches adverse criticism at times. But for Rude's group on the Arc de Triomphe, which symbolizes the national movement of 1792, he has praise that could not be outdone. In spite of his love for conquerors, the sculptor was best as a republican. Read by this group of volunteers on the Arc, Rude is to him the only epic poet of France in this century!

The present volume is full of notes and criticisms on the late Salon; the director is, as usual, at odds with the powers that be, yet he points with pride to the number of etchers and engravers belonging to his staff who have received medals or honorable mention. *L'Art* has always protested against the giving of medals. The etchings and woodcuts are as profuse as ever; among the former, deserving of special note, are Jacquemart's etchings of that painting of Van der Meer of Delft, which shows a girl smiling at a cavalier who has his back turned, and of portraits by Rembrandt and Franz Hals. The first was done in 1866. Gaucherel has etched very charmingly a pretty Naples Strand, by Galofre, which repeats the scene with great fidelity. The old picturesque *lazzaroni* are no more. One of the cleverest slight woodcuts is from a book called 'A bord de la Junon,' on the abortive French journey round the world under the charge of Lieut. Biard d'Aunet. It is by Brun, and shows three Frenchmen, of marvellously realistic types, sitting on a divan in a cabin, suffering from the first emotions produced by sea waves. *L'Art* pursues its policy of extension in the British Isles. The title page is a clever composition by John Watkins, and contains in one part the mixed legend: "Publié à Paris and in London."

Another Biography of Durer.†

THIS series of illustrated biographies of the great artists proceeds with varying success, now reaching high-water mark in Mollett's Life of Wilkie, and again descending to the lowest ebb in Stowe's high flown account of Velasquez. The new biographer must be ranked with Mr. Mollett, if, indeed, he does not surpass him in the justness, sobriety, and appreciativeness of his biographies. It is pleasant to find

* New York: J. W. Bouton.

† Albrecht Dürer. By Richard Ford Heath, M.A., Hertford College, Oxford. 31.55. New York: Scribner & Welford.

the writer of a book which partakes of the nature of a primer, able to grasp the large aspects of a life, and yet neglect few of the important particulars. Admiration for his subject does not betray him into a "forcible" style, or that insistence on his own view of the artist which leaves no room for differences of opinion among his readers. Very seldom will the slight criticisms ventured be found wide of the mark. Exception may be taken to this defence of Dürer: "The self-consciousness which all his portraits of himself exhibit must not be attributed to more than a legitimate vanity. He belonged to an age in which no light value was set upon personal appearance," etc. The stiffness alluded to is readily explained by the fixed look reflected from the mirror which the painter used in making portraits of himself. The result is an intentness and sobriety of expression which do not need excuse. Nor can the biographer be followed when he attributes to the horse, in the celebrated engraving on copper of the conversion of St. Eustache, a look of surprise at the sudden devotional attitude of his master. On the contrary, the horse is quite as oblivious of master and stag as are the five dogs near him. It would have been quite out of keeping with nature if the horse should have shown excitement, while the dogs, whom training and nature would urge to follow any but a ghostly and to them invisible stag, were standing about in perfect obliviousness of the apparition.

Mr. Heath does well to undermine the probabilities in favor of the unhappiness supposed to have existed between Dürer and his wife, by pointing out clearly the only source of scandal, and showing both a base motive and a cause for untruthfulness on the part of the witness. He has much to say about the effect of the Reformation on Dürer's art, but is cautious in theorizing; particularly wary of coming to conclusions about the symbolical meanings of his engravings. This is quite as it should be in a book of the kind. For such researches, a longer treatise on a less popular system would be needed. What he does do is to leave that side of the question not untouched, but yet not sounded. The reader gets suggestions that will prove a stimulus to further examination.

"The Portfolio."*

FOR some reason not evident, the *Portfolio* becomes drier and drier at each issue. Mr. Hamerton will have to take some steps presently to infuse new life into its veins, or it will retrograde and end with inanition. Perhaps variety in the editorial chair is what is needed. There is too much sameness at present. The amount that is offered every month is not large, and therefore demands all the more that its quality should be above the average. The second part of 'The Development of Genre in Early Italian Art,' by F. G. Stephens, does not fulfil the promise of the former paper; it is dry and lifeless, neither learned nor suggestive. The 'Illustrations of Lancashire,' by Leo Grindon, can never be regarded as more than pleasant padding, suitable enough if accompanied by one or two other articles of sterling character. But the whole burden of the July and August numbers has fallen upon this frail prop. Perhaps the *Portfolio*, with the daily papers, claims that midsummer affords excuse enough for a little dullness; perhaps it demands an equal right in the "silly season."

Art Note.

A DEATH-MASK of the late President Garfield's face was made, on Tuesday last, under the superintendence of an eminent sculptor. This is to be reproduced in bronze, but the original will be carefully preserved.

The Drama

DURING the past fortnight the Union Square Theatre has been a sort of Comédie Française. Joseph Jefferson has been our Got, Mrs. John Drew our Arnould Plessy, and under them have been ranged, as at the French house, a number of very respectable players. Thus represented, the performance of Sheridan's 'Rivals' could not fail to attract attention. To those who only know the standard drama through the interpretation of one leading actor and a company of sticks, it has been a revelation. Mr. Jefferson and Mrs. Drew have devoted no inconsiderable portion of their lives to elaboration of the personages of Bob Acres and Mrs. Malaprop, and their audience has the unusual satisfaction of feeling that every line has been duly studied, every gesture freighted with its proper amount of thought. Before the results which are in this way obtained, criticism, which is generally based on first impressions, is altogether disarmed. The actors who have worked on the characters for years are much more likely to know what they are about than the critics who have considered them for a night. The play-tasters of New York may be congratulated on their appreciation of this fact. None of them has sought to make himself remarked by snapping at the heels of the actors.

If, a hundred years from to-day, a Long Island farmer, making

* New York: J. W. Bouton.

holiday in New York, should have become a classic personage on the stage, the player who should try to represent him as he was would probably be guilty of a thousand anachronisms of speech, manner, and costume. To the Englishman of a hundred years ago, who danced in the Pump-room at Bath and drank the waters of St. Bladud's springs, Mr. Jefferson's Acres might be a passably ridiculous figure. Bob was a young Somersetshire squire, quite as stupid and nearly as illiterate as Tony Lumpkin. He had grown up with the pigs, sheep, and cows, and knew no more of the town than that a coach passed through the village at stated intervals on its way to the hostelry in Milsom Street. He could write with difficulty. He could read so little that the duel, without which no romance of the period was complete, was altogether unknown to him. Dancing was almost the first accomplishment of a loutish young squire, and even here Bob's education had been neglected. He was, in short, a dolt. The actors of old used to exaggerate his dullness, and the exaggeration was received with favor.

Mr. Jefferson's conception is radically different. He eliminates all the coarser elements of his hero. He shaves away almost all that is farcical, and of the materials which are left builds up a masterpiece of comic consistency. His careful building, his slow and ant-like accretion of details, has struck most of his critics with amazement. The ablest of them is inclined to believe that it dwarfs the conception, that it turns the picture into a miniature. On this point there is room for two opinions. "Composition" is as necessary to a comedian as to a painter. Very few comedians take the trouble to "compose." Most are content with a rough idea of the character, and then sketch it in outline with a few bold strokes. Great actors are more ambitious. Jefferson has here been compared to Got, and he resembles the doyen of the Théâtre Français in nothing more than in his attention to minute points. Got plays small parts because he knows that in his hands they cease to be small. The Abbé in 'Il ne faut Jurer de Rien' has scarcely more than a dozen lines to speak; but his game of piquet and his box of snuff are the most memorable things in the play. It would, of course, be unjust to the author if actors were allowed to introduce these touches at will; but he is a wise author who, writing for players of a high class, deals largely in suggestion, and leaves much to the discretion of those who can supply him with a reputation for many qualities which he is very far from possessing. This was, in a great measure, the method of Sheridan.

When Mr. Jefferson brings Bob Acres to town he makes him no more than a simpleton. With his curled hair and practised capers, Acres might be a youthful M. Jourdain. Honest David laughs at him, but it is a hearty, good-tempered laugh, and neither David nor the audience is out of sympathy with the squire. When Acres assures Sir Lucius that he will fight, he is not a bit afraid. He does not realize what fighting means, but he does not shrink from it. Even when David blubbers and prays, his master is not frightened. He has written the challenge, with a firm hand, and he really desires Beverley's company (with a C), on the field of honor. But the servant's reference to the alarm of the good women at home breeds in him a little uneasiness. That infernal suggestion that there is gunpowder in the letter, childish enough at ordinary times, is a little ominous now. Still there is no shrinking in Acres. Jack Absolute must carry the cartel, and, after momentary qualms to Jack Absolute, he gives it. The hint that Jack shall call him Fighting Bob, that Jack shall say he kills a man a week in the country, is an afterthought, not born of cowardice, but of a slight internal tremor. Many brave men have felt that tremor when they first faced powder. When the curtain falls, Bob has merely failed to meet a critical situation with the dash and intrepidity which heroes display nowhere but on the stage. He is anything but a poltroon.

This unforced presentment of frailties to which all men and women are heirs is the true domain of comedy. Many broad players could make a barren audience laugh at Acres. Few have the gift of making them turn their regard upon themselves and ridicule their own weaknesses in those of the stage personage. Acres has been well frightened before Jefferson brings him to the duelling scene. Sir Lucius is not an enlivening companion, even for a soldier meditating a Balaklava charge. Bob is well frightened, and yet he is neither grotesque nor a poltroon. His valor, which was never extraordinary, is simply oozing out at the tips of his fingers. Everybody knows how the duellist commonly comports himself on the stage. He slaps his muscles, and strikes martial attitudes, and behaves as M. Paul de Cassagnac and M. Henri Rochefort are popularly supposed to behave under similar circumstances. Acres, on the other hand, is sincerely glad that the hour named for the combat has passed and Beverley is not on the ground, and as for fighting his friend Jack Absolute, nothing could be more absurd. Whether, being thus lifelike and natural, he is what Sheridan meant him to be, matters very little. He is, in this form, the character which Jefferson has given us, and as such he has an enduring place upon the stage. The Malaprop of Mrs. John Dréw is of less value, being less elaborated. Mrs. Dréw is a mistress of the traditional methods of exciting laughter. What she lacks is the art of

shading. At the same time, the part calls for breadth of treatment rather than delicacy of color, and Mrs. Dréw's interpretation of it is counted the best on the boards.

There is an astonishing performance at the Park Theatre. The Hanlon-Lees, pantomimists, have appeared in a play which was found highly to the taste of fastidious Paris. It would be absurd to depreciate them. Paris is an excellent judge of matters theatrical. It cultivates the classic drama alternately with the emotional, and operetta alternately with the Folies Bergère. The Hanlon-Lees belong to the Folies Bergère. They have had the wit to get a play built for them by competent hands. One of their authors is the veteran of 'Rose Michel'; another has written any amount of musical farces. Consequently, 'Le Voyage en Suisse' is amusing even as a play. Being also made a vehicle for the most remarkable tumbling of modern times, it has an attraction for the average citizen such as is not even afforded by a boat-race or a walking-match. And when the playgoer thinks of the dreary hours he has spent in the theatre, of those sere and yellow translations from the French which he has seen littering the boards of the Union Square at autumn, of those unspeakable revivals of standard comedies which he has attended with as much solemnity as though they were held in the 'Little Church Around the Corner,' of portentous melodramas from London and vapid pieces for "new American dramatists," he will be thankful that there still exist six men (five of them called Hanlon-Lees and one called Wyatt) who are capable of making him laugh for two hours and a half, and of reviving in him that taste for pantomime which he thought had vanished with his taste for candy.

Music

Madame Favart in English.

THE Comley-Barton performance of Offenbach's charming opera comique, 'Madame Favart,' at Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, is worthy of note chiefly as an evidence of what can be done in the way of display, grouping, etc., with a piece that was originally intended to serve a very different purpose, and of the extent to which dress-making and padding can be used to cover up the weaknesses and deficiencies of a company in no respect competent to give a satisfactory version of the piece in its original form. The "original London version" of 'Madame Favart' is simply a weak and watery perversion of the comedy, that drags itself through three acts of a mild quality of English "chaff," and gives a deal of unnecessary prominence to the ballet—dressed variously as staff officers, amazons, vándières, etc., and designated on the bills as "chorus;" that cuts and rearranges the music to suit this purpose; introduces at the opening of the third act a pompous and stupid march (as unlike Offenbach in musical quality as it could well be); and retards in every possible way the action of a piece which, in order to be enjoyable, should go with all the dash and verve that it would be possible to throw into it. Let us say in a word that the work of the ballet-master is extremely well done. That the performance lacks all spontaneity of action and real grace may be taken for granted; the English know nothing of either. Everything is stiff and artificial and smacks of the showy effects used in burlesque, or Christmas pantomimes. The ladies are as undressed as is permissible (even to the baring of the arms and necks of the staff-officers), and the men (even in the chorus) are dressed as little as possible. But, of its kind, it is a goodly show. It is, however, as said above, an entirely wrong kind, and as a consequence, it utterly kills the opera, which in its so-called "London version" is unbearably dull. That somewhat of this is due to the incompetency of the company is without doubt; but we are convinced that if the opera were mounted and performed with a closer regard to the intention of its authors and composer, and, above all, with somewhat of the realistic accuracy that distinguished its production by the Aimée troupe, instead of being transformed into a mere spectacle, it would be much more enjoyable. As Madame Favart, Miss Catherine Lewis is entirely out of her element; she is an excellent bouffe actress, and Madame Favart is a high comedy part. Mr. Golden, who plays Biscotin, is even worse; he seems to have no conception of the humorous side of the part, and treats it from the lowest possible low comedy standpoint. Besides which, he cannot sing at all. Mr. Hamilton's Cotignac is utterly commonplace and stupid, but, musically, pleasant enough; the occasional transpositions in his music really improve it. The same may be said of Miss Jansen, who has a very pleasant mezzo-soprano voice with which she sings (not well, since her vocal training seems to be of the slightest,) the soprano part of Suzanne. She does not act it at all. That Mr. John Howson makes an excellent marquis goes almost without saying. Some of his points are less forcible than were those of M. Mézieres in the same character, but they are mainly very well made, and carried out with a thoroughly artistic appreciation of the situation. Mr. Frederick Leslie, who makes his American debut as Charles Favart, has a goodly presence, a neat light comedy style, a clean-cut, pleasant bari-

tone voice, sings in tune, and is altogether a decidedly valuable acquisition. The success of 'Favart' lies between him and Mr. Howson. The orchestra, although enlarged and including horns, oboe, etc., is slovenly and coarse; the chorus, not "one hundred and fifty," as announced, but really about thirty voices, is no better than the orchestra, and not in the least a credit to anybody but the costumer.

Musical Notes.

THE public musical performances already announced in Boston for the coming season number no less than one hundred and four, beginning with a concert by Miss Carey and others on the 29th inst., and ending with the fifth recital of the Boylston Club, on May 19th. The new orchestra, conducted by Mr. George Henschel, is to give twenty concerts (each preceded by a public rehearsal), of which the programmes are to embrace a very wide range of (more especially) modern orchestral works. The Harvard Symphony Concerts will pursue the even tenor of their rather conservative way; and the Philharmonic, conducted by Mr. Louis Maas, will make a new struggle under the banners of Liszt and Wagner. Besides the usual oratorio performances of the Handel and Haydn Society, including the 'Creation,' the 'Passion Music,' and other larger works, there are announced about a dozen chorus concerts; the list being completed by Patti, Gerster, and the Roberts' Lyceum course. Professor Paine's 'Edipus' music is to be repeated at Harvard, and will also form the programme of one of the Apollo Club recitals. Of other home compositions we have heard nothing as yet, although it is not unlikely that some few of the Boston composers will be represented.

The appearance of a new (second) edition of Mr. J. H. Cornell's 'Primer of Musical Tonality' (New York: G. Schirmer), affords an opportunity to call attention to an exceedingly well-written and valuable work on a subject which is of more importance to the practical musician and teacher than is generally supposed. The nature of the tonal interval, together with the construction of the scale and triad, are matters that should, without doubt, be made as clear as possible to every pupil of whom earnest, intelligent music-study is expected. At the same time, without some such guide or hand-book, it is a subject exceedingly difficult of clear and simple explanation, even by the small proportion of teachers who are themselves at all

clear about it. Mr. Cornell's 'Primer' seems to us to furnish the best available material for the study, and is probably as easy to understand as it would be possible to make any really exhaustive treatise on a subject that is still to be considered almost in the light of an undeveloped—or only half-developed—science.

At the first soirée of the Philharmonic Club of this city, Mr. S. B. Mills will play Schumann's Pianoforte quintette, op. 44, in the new version by Albert Dietrich, viz., with an added part for a contrabasso. Dangerous as such attempts at improvement of master works generally are, there seems to be a sufficient motive in this one to warrant its having been made. The massive and broad character of the composition is likely to gain by the strengthening of the bass (which is quite sure to have been done with proper discretion), and in view of the great power of the bass of the pianoforte of our day, as compared with that of Schumann's early period, the parts will undoubtedly present a more evenly balanced effect than in the original form.

Henry Prevost, the newly-discovered French tenor, is to be included in Colonel Mapleson's company for New York. M. Prevost is said to have a remarkably fine voice and presence; but he has failed to make an impression in Paris from his utter lack of training.

Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, one of our American singers, who has been very successful in England, returns to this country next month. Mrs. Osgood has made her best impression in oratorios and serious songs.

The firm of Cotta, in Strasburg, has just issued a new 'Violin School,' by Edmund Singer which, in amplitude at least, is all that it claims to be—the school of schools.

The Kullak edition of Chopin is now rapidly approaching completion. Von Bulow has also edited a selection, which has much to commend it, from the Etudes of Chopin.

The 'Notes of a Pianist' by Louis Moreau Gottschalk, will be published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. next Tuesday.

A new edition of Moscheles's celebrated 'Pianoforte Etudes,' op. 70, revised by Adolph Henselt, has appeared.

A 'Mémorial of Haydn,' in Dr. Nohl's series of Musical Biographies, will be issued by Jansen, McClurg & Co. this fall.

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